Boult. And if she were a thornyer peece of ground then she is, she shall be plowed.

Mar. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women-kinde? Marrie come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemarie and baies.

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st feend of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery custerell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is such as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? where a m mãay serue 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth, serue by indenture, to the common hang-man, any of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speake, would owne a name too deere, that the gods would safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde many schollers.

Boult.

Bowlt. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe, And prostitute me to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them, But since my maister and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honest-house*, our storie sayes:
She sings like one immortall, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes
Deepe clearks she dumb's & with her neele composes,
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses;
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupples lackes she none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She giues the cursed Bawd, here we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him on the Sea, we there him left,
Where driuen before the winds, he is arriu'de
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striu'de
God *Neptune Annuall* feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

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